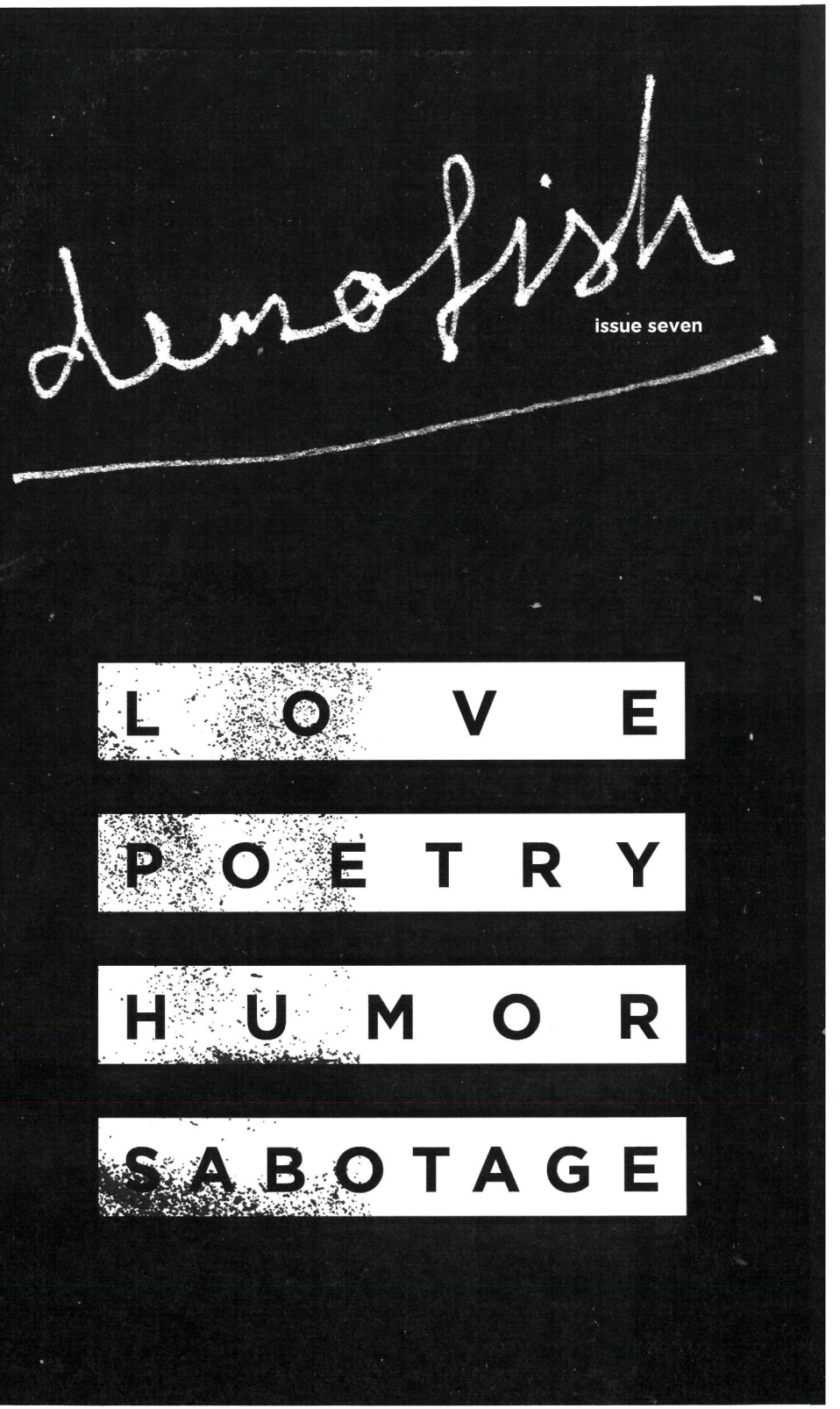
lumo fish
issue seven
LOVE
POETRY
HUMOR
SABOTAGE

DEMOLISH ZINE – ISSUE SEVEN

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Printed in Golden, Canada, November 2013.

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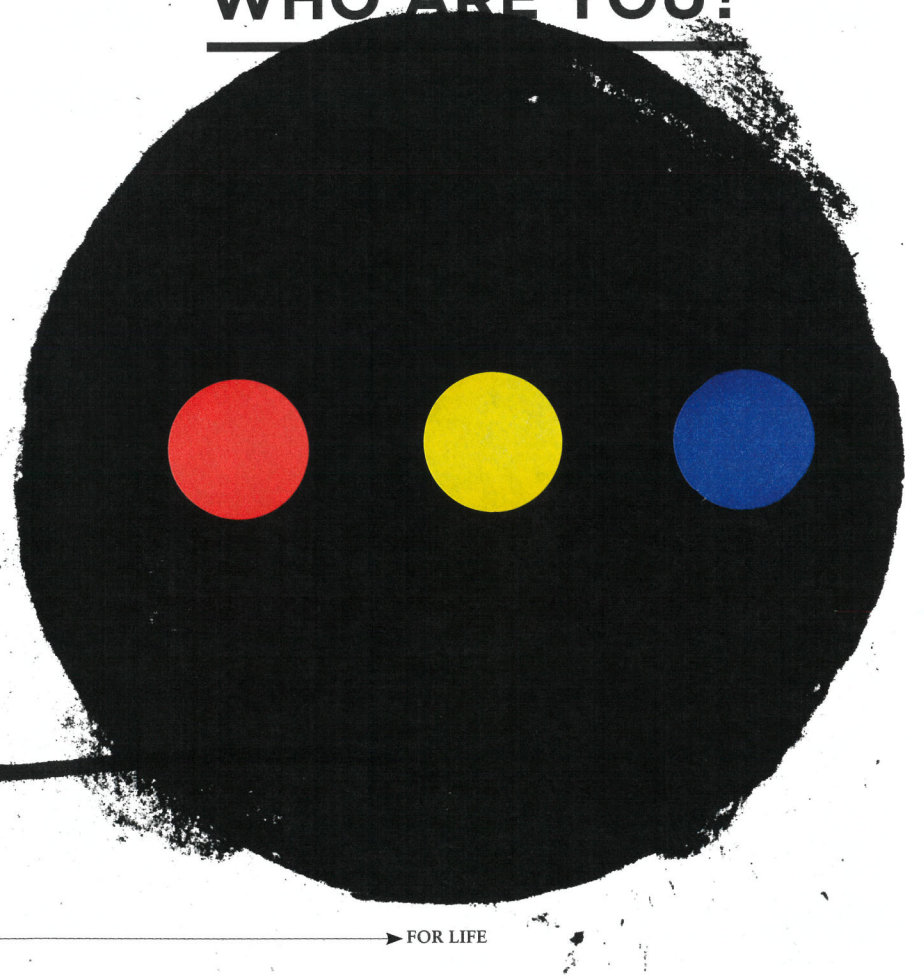
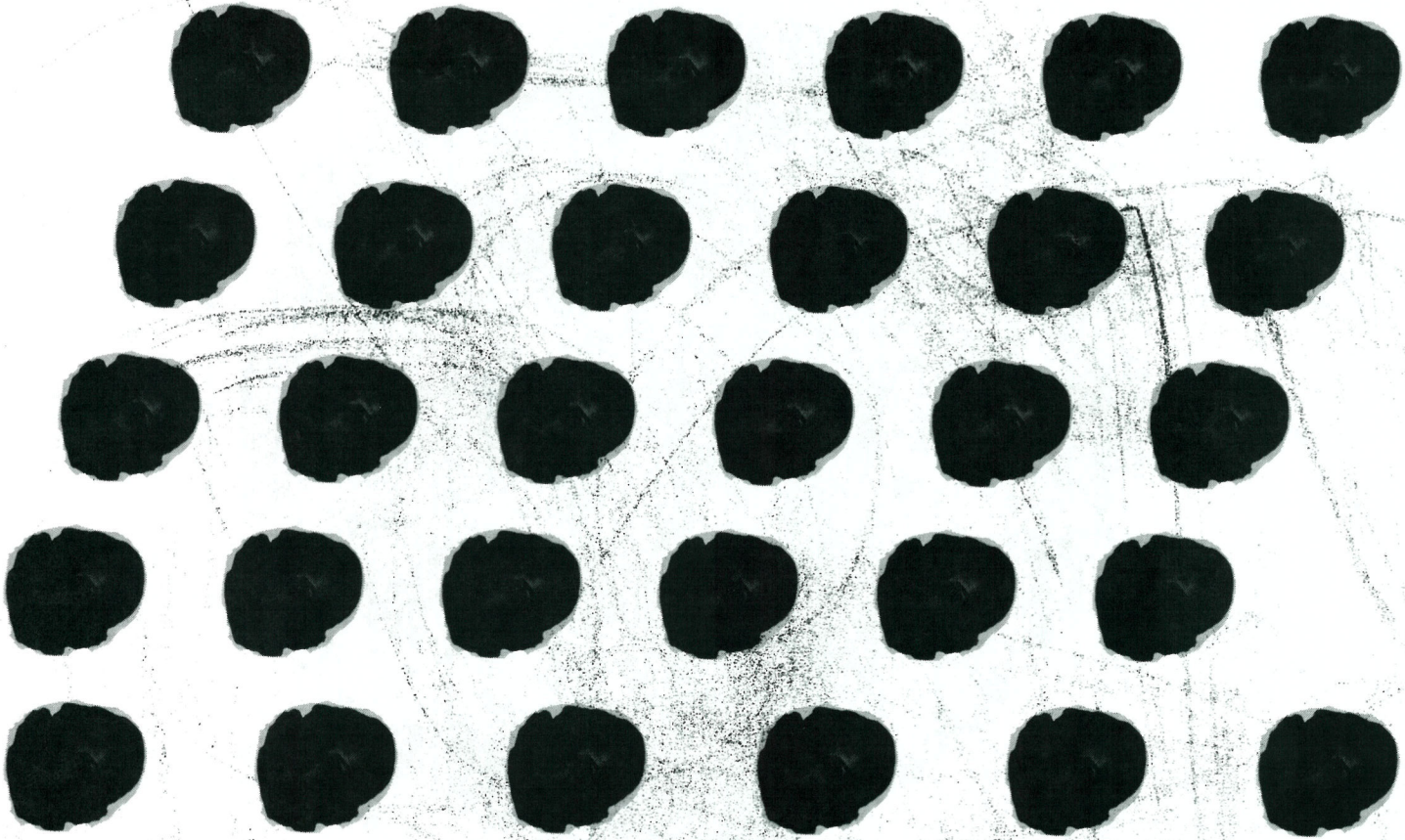
WHO ARE YOU?



FOR LIFE



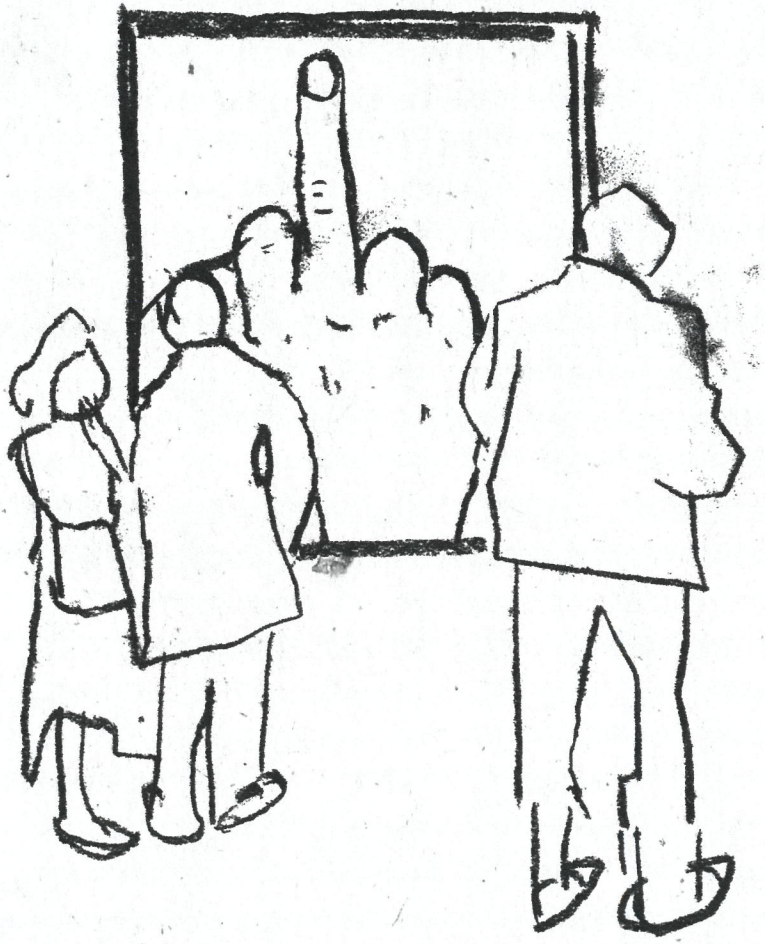
out of step

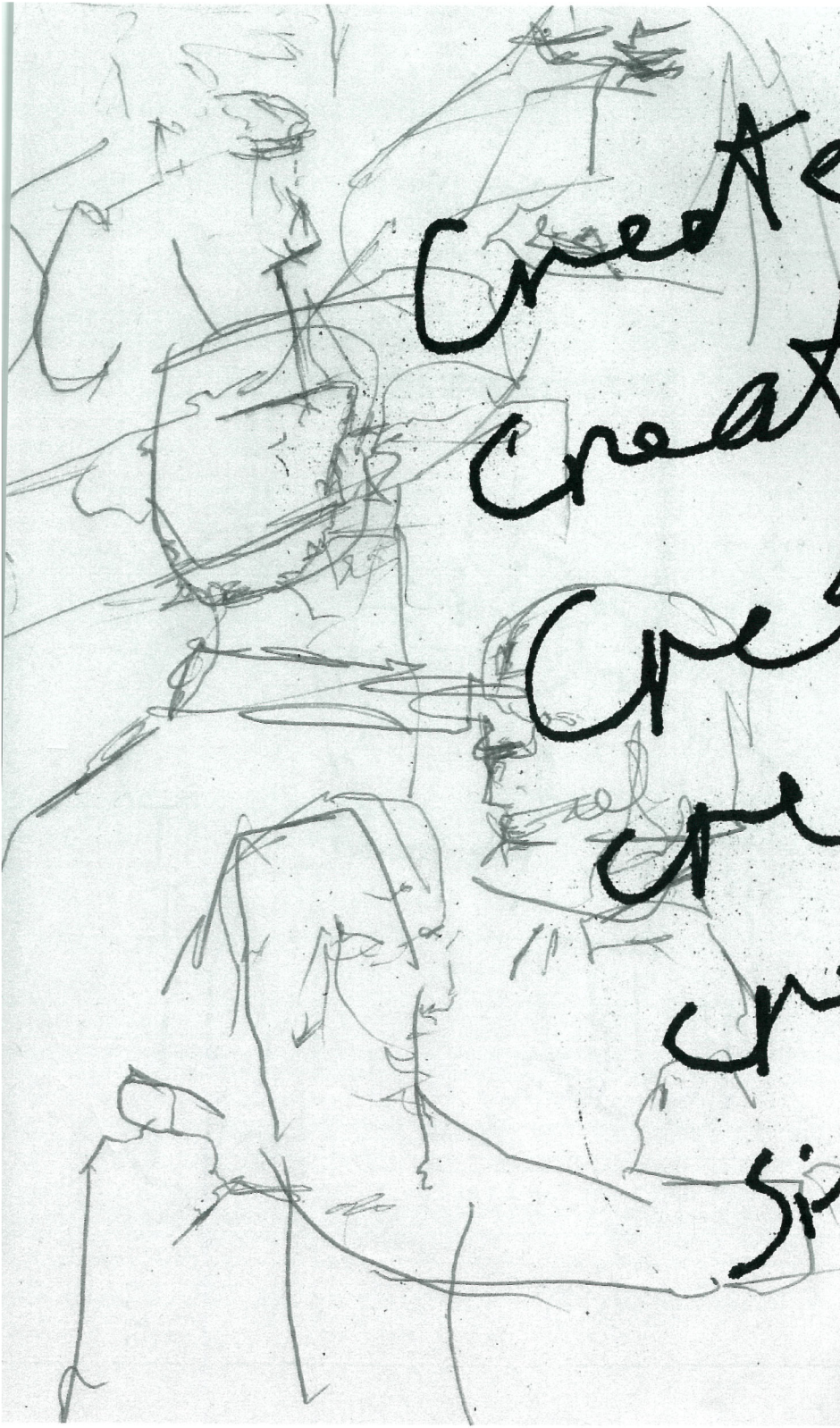
CENSORLESS

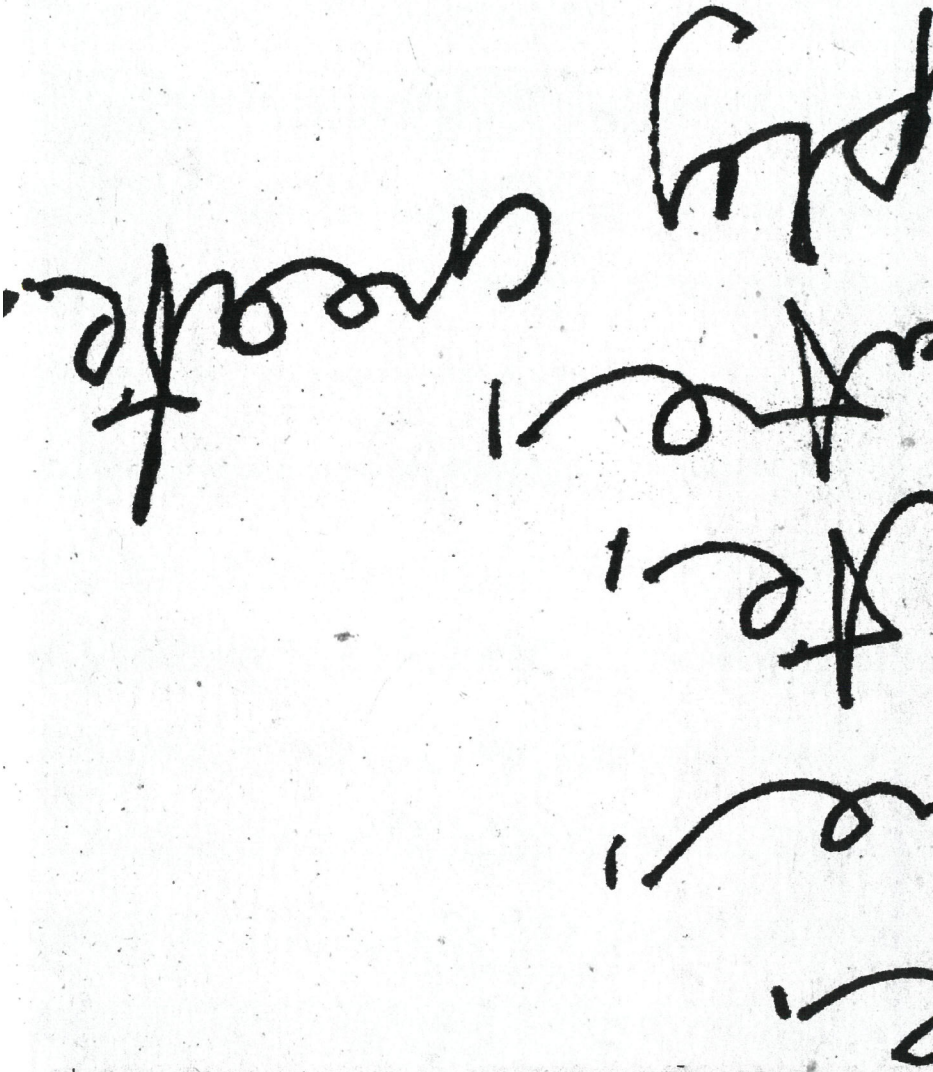
Sometimes, people who don't censor themselves, for better or worse are better people.
Just don't be an arsehole to others for the sake of being censorless.

WOODEN CARS IN CANADA

TRUE LOVE



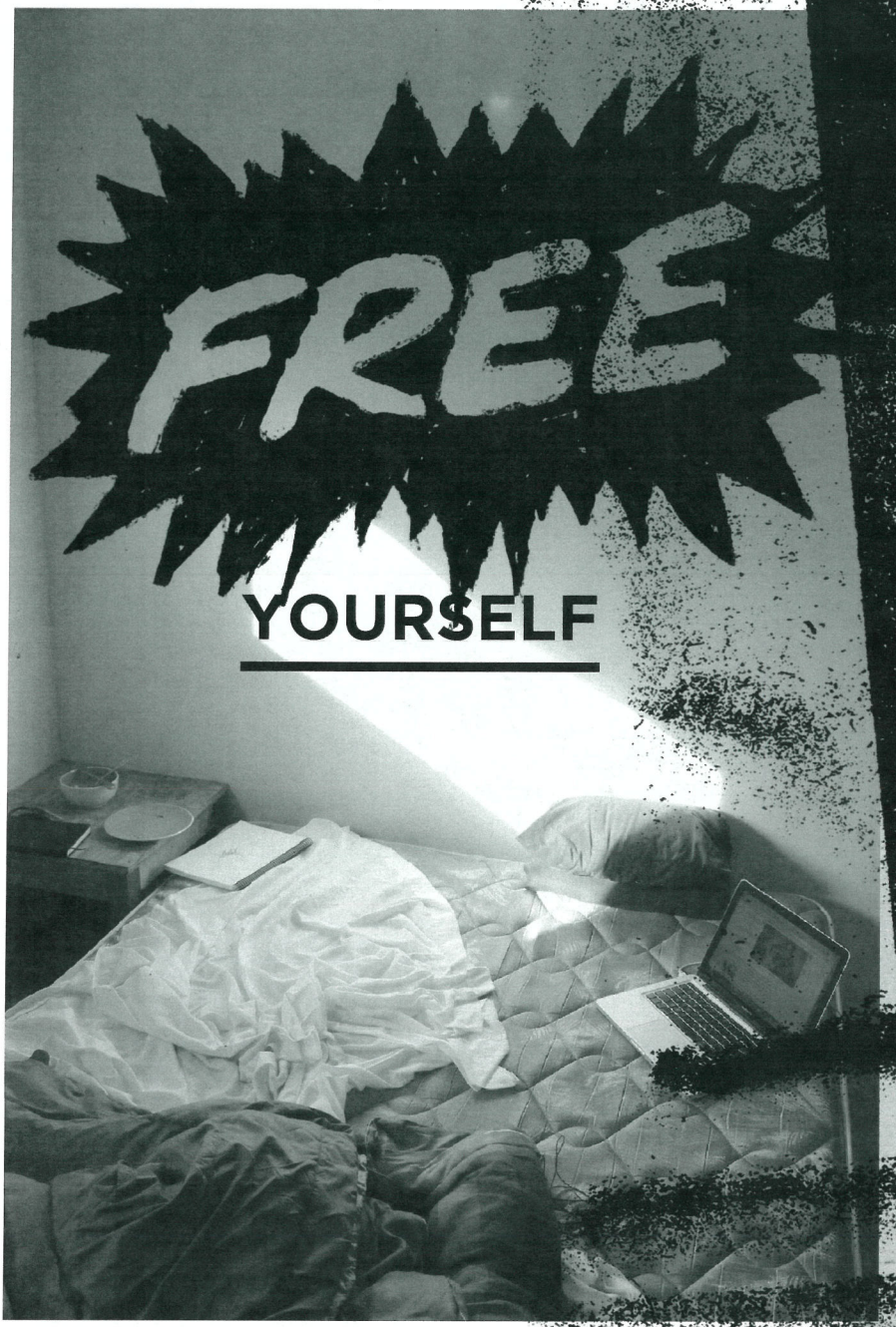




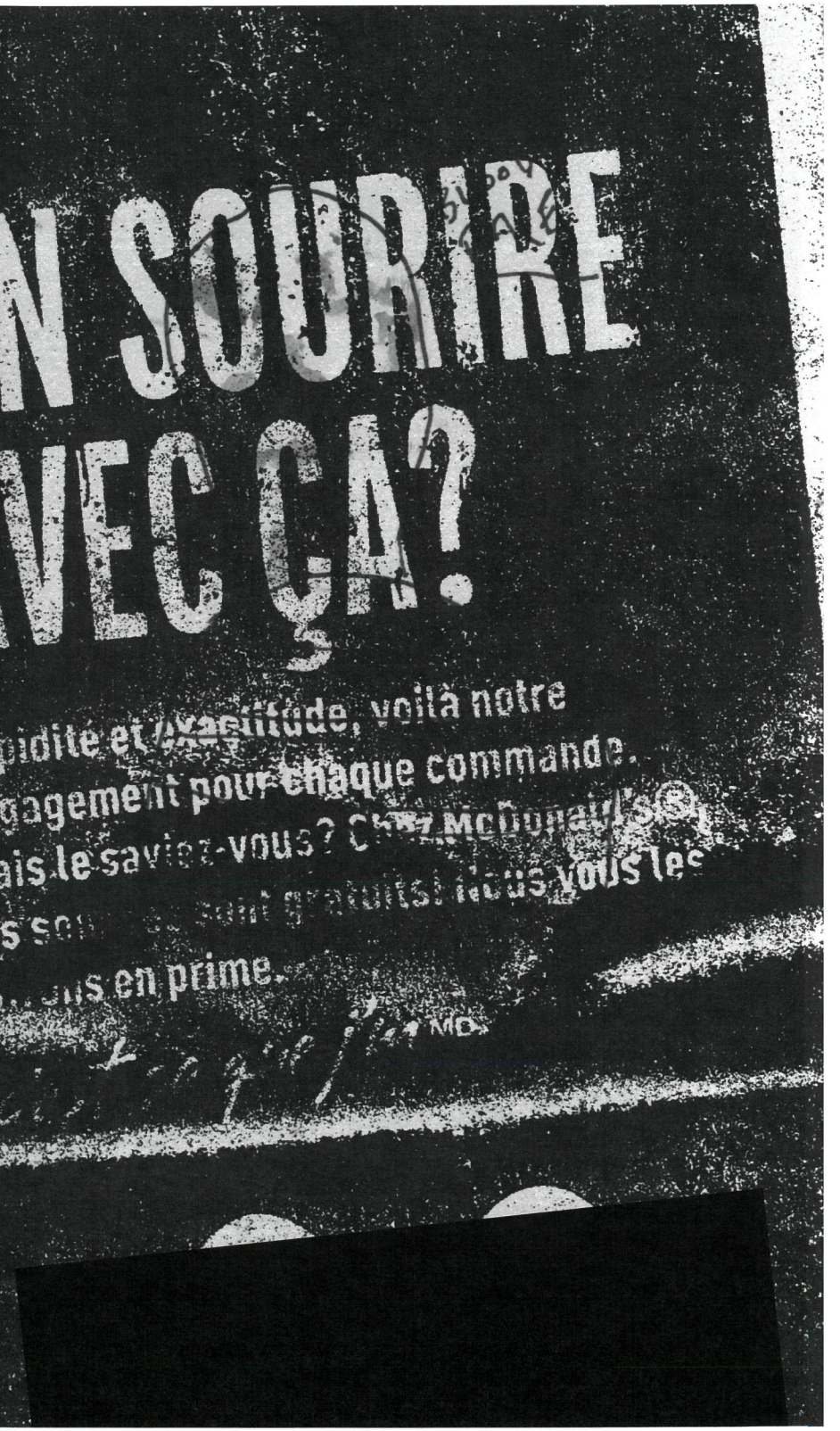
These days, Case's home is a farmhouse in Vermont where, as she puts it, "dirt is awesome, there's war and tragedy every day, and you can have your life turned upside down by the color of a leaf."

DANIEL PHILIP HAROLD STEELE, *2013*

Over a beer at the Town Hall Hotel, Melbourne, Australia.



My bedroom in Canada.
The simple life is great. I can really recommend throwing it all in and risking stability for something new.

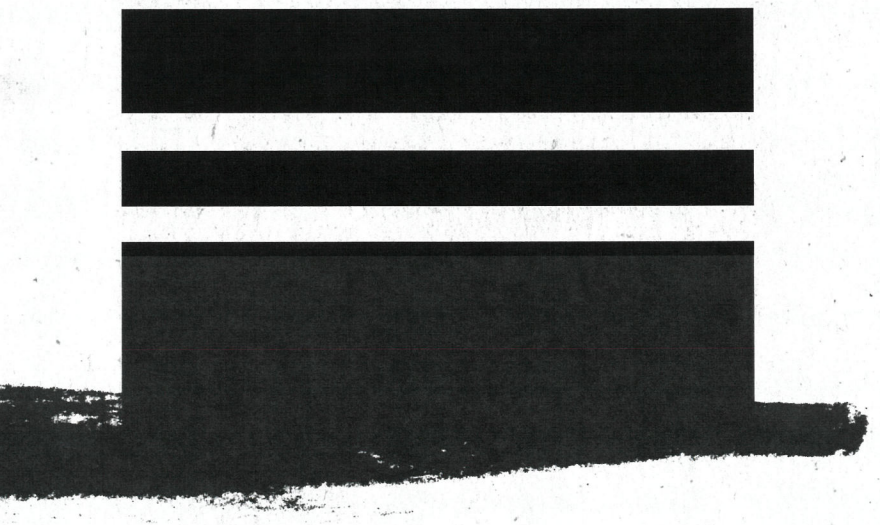

N SOURIRE
VEC ÇA?
pidité et
gagement pour chaque commande.
ais le saviez-vous? Chez McDonald's®
s soi
us en prime.
MD

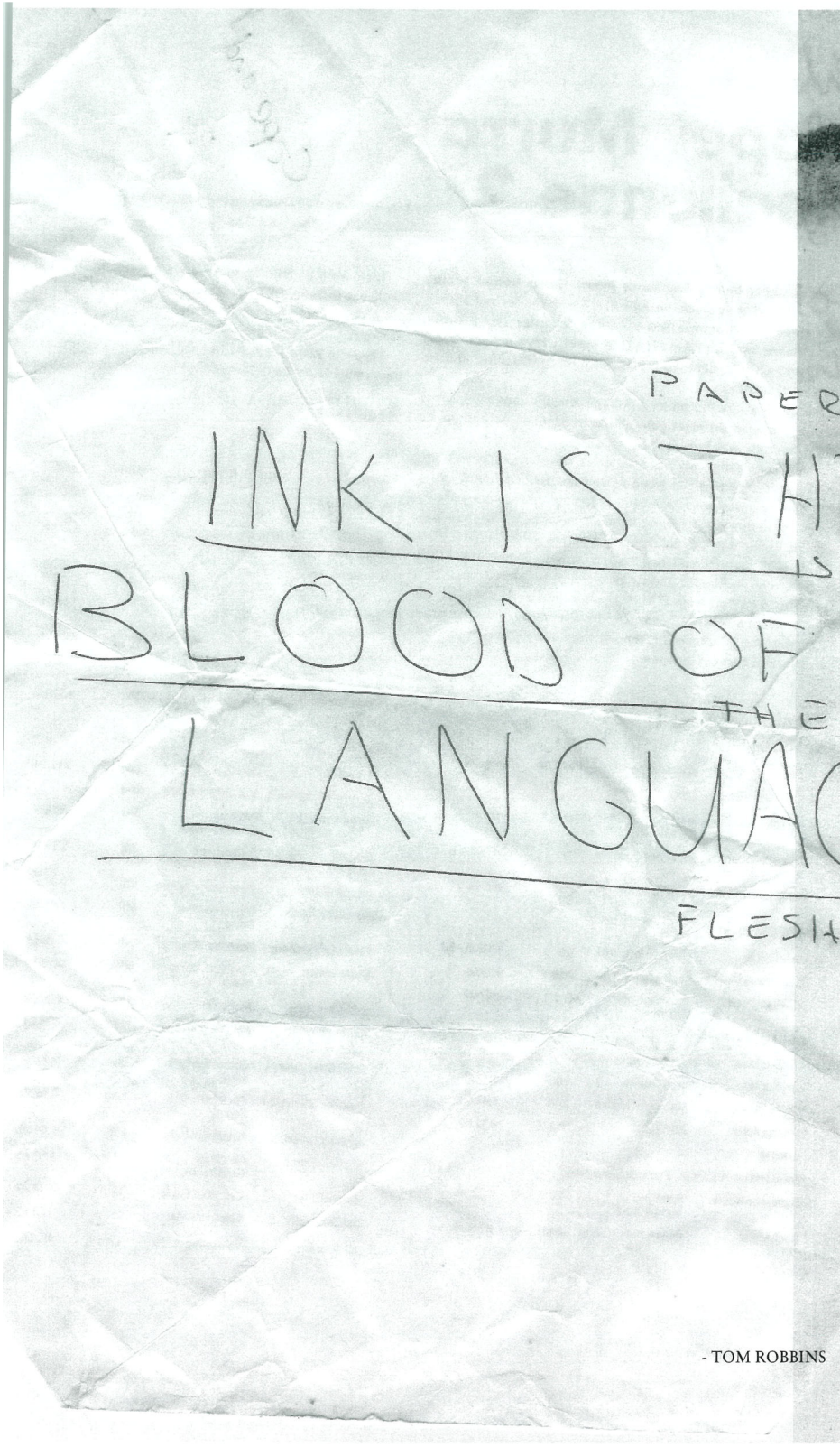
Anchors keep you down – melt the metal – make a bike – ride over your enemies!

I tell her I feel "isolated" and "alone", we both don't say anything for a while. She says slowly from the other side of the world, from the bedroom of an old Chilean woman, in the country side of France, "that's ... intense"

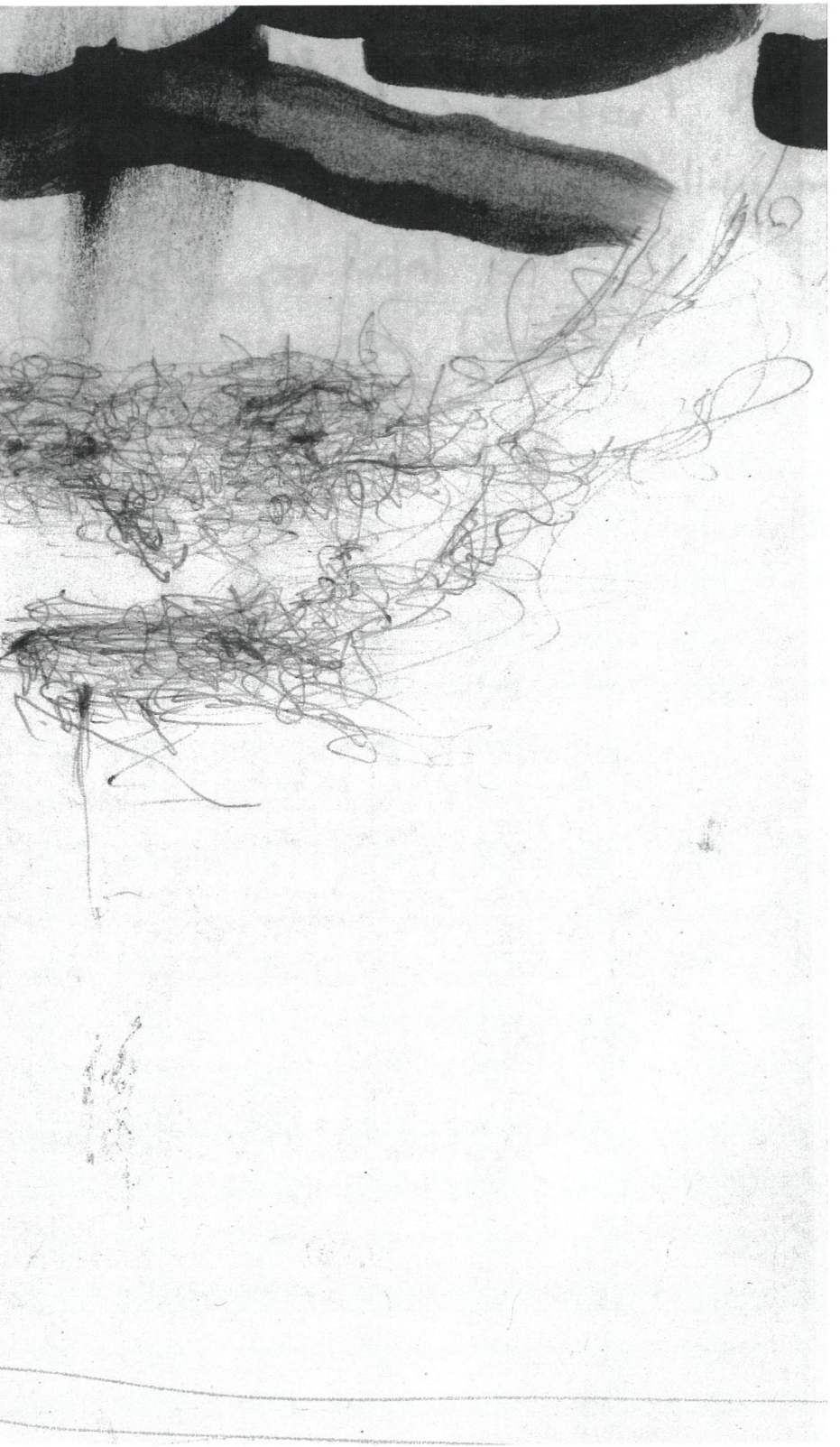
I can't tell her *honestly* how I feel, for fear of rejection. Will I ever be stronger than I am now? I will!

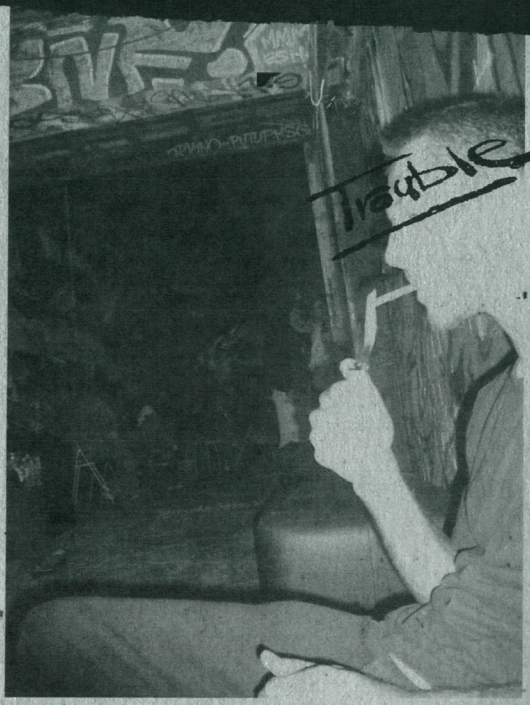
Your hands bend and fold, and turn, as you tie your hair back out of your face. A bead of sweat runs down your face, and you brush it away. You smile and show me your teeth, and slowly close your eyes and kiss my neck. I scratch down your back with my nails. I hold you tight and touch and grab your smooth skin all over your body. For that one honest moment, nothing matters—I am at one with your soul.





- TOM ROBBINS



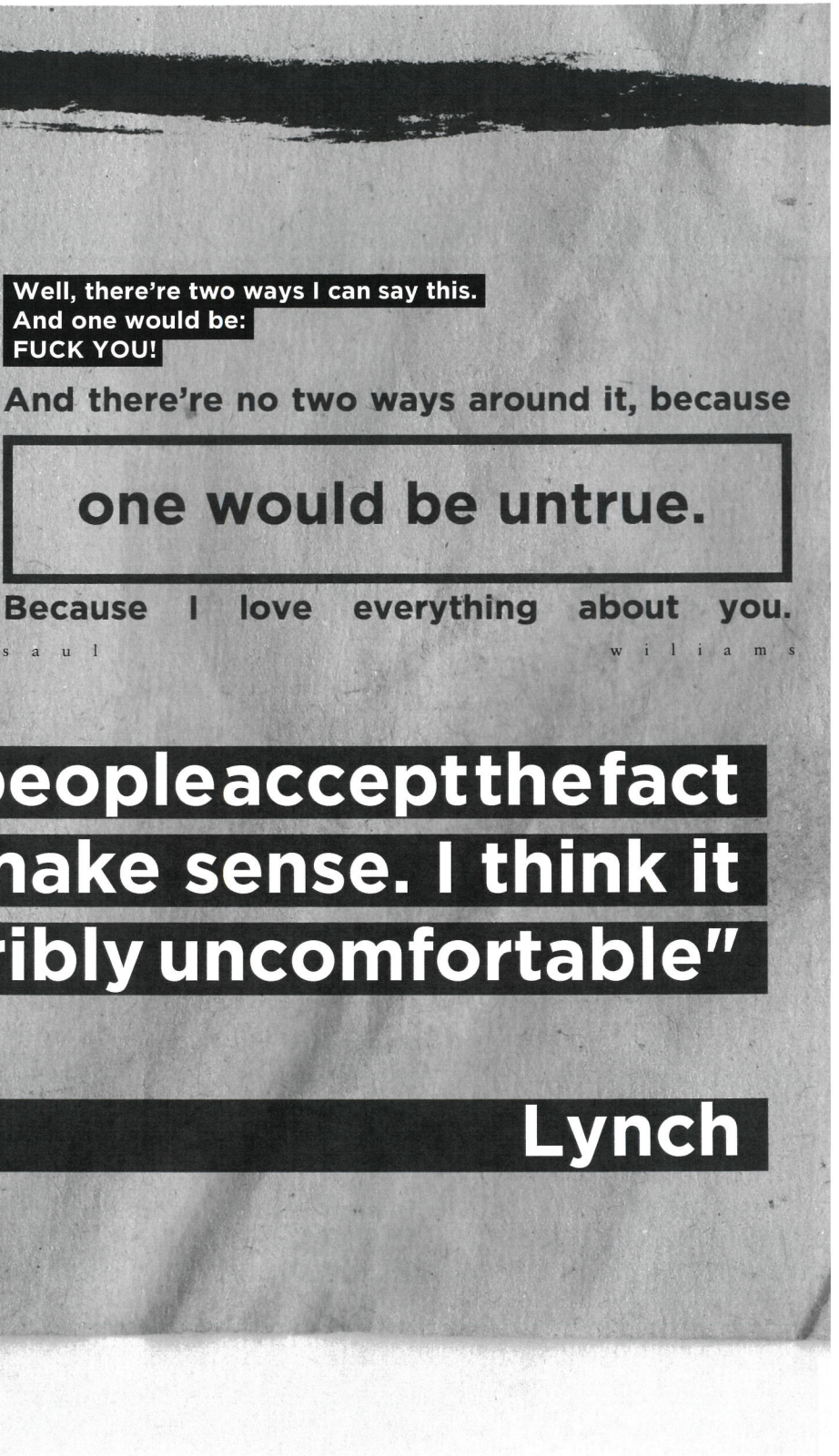


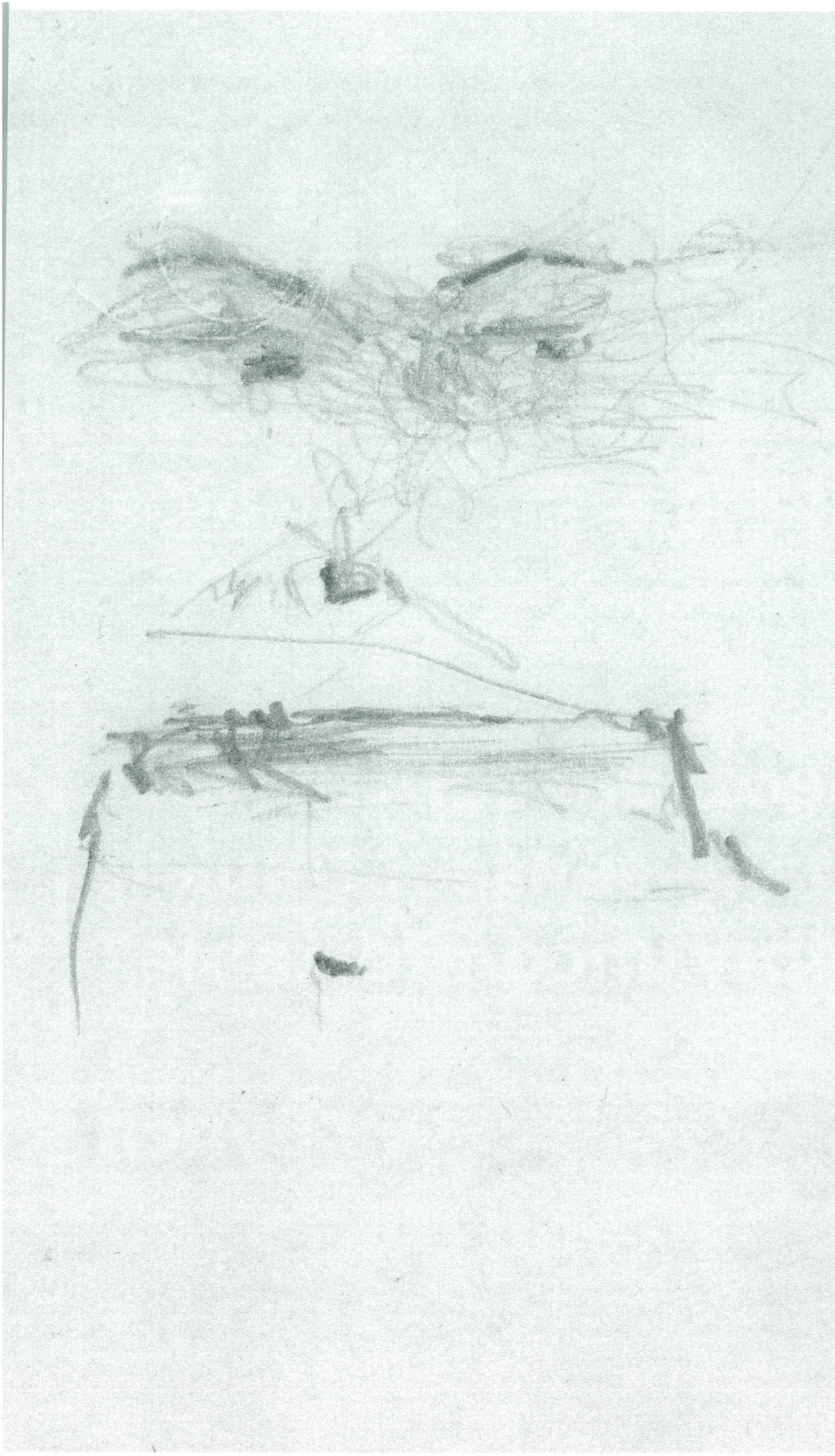
Operatin' under the crooked American system too long
OutKast, pronounced outcast
Adjective meaning homeless, or unaccepted in society
But let's look deeper than that
Are you an OutKast?
If you understand and feel the basic principles and
Fundamental truths contained within this muzik, you probably are
If you think it's all about pimpin hoes and slammin cadillac doughs
You probably a cracker, or a nigga that think he a cracker
Or maybe just don't understand
An OutKast is someone who is not considered to be part of the normal world
He's looked at differently
He's not accepted because of his clothes, his hair
His occupation, his beliefs or his skin color
Now look at yourself, are you an OutKast? I know I am
As a matter of fact, fuck being anythang else
It's only so much time left in this crazy world
Wake up niggaz and realize what's goin on around you
Poisonin' of the food and water
Tamperin' of cigarettes
Disease engineering control over your life
Take back your existence or die like a punk
This is Big Rube, sayin right on to the real, and death to the fakers
Peace out

- OUTKAST

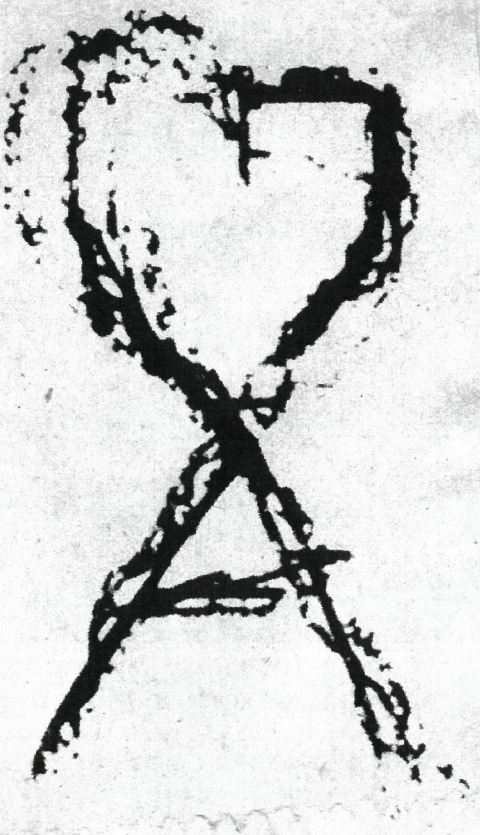
"I don't think th
that life does
makes people

David


Well, there're two ways I can say this.
And one would be:
FUCK YOU!
And there're no two ways around it, because
one would be untrue.
Because I love everything about you.
s a u l
w i l i a m s
eopleacceptthefact
nake sense. I think it
ribly uncomfortable"
Lynch



I fell in love with you
on acid
high perception
saw you
saw all
thought I had found the answer
demons haunted me then
demons haunted me before
you broke me free
forever
together we aren't anymore
on my skin you will remain
forever



ANTHEA MARGUERITE HILTON, *2013*

Outside our house at the time in Albion, Brisbane, Australia.

Citizenship is a prison.

[redacted]

So if you need to fly a flag in front of your place
Just keep that motherfucking union jack out of my face
Astronomy Class

[redacted]

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

Australian Citizenship Act 1948

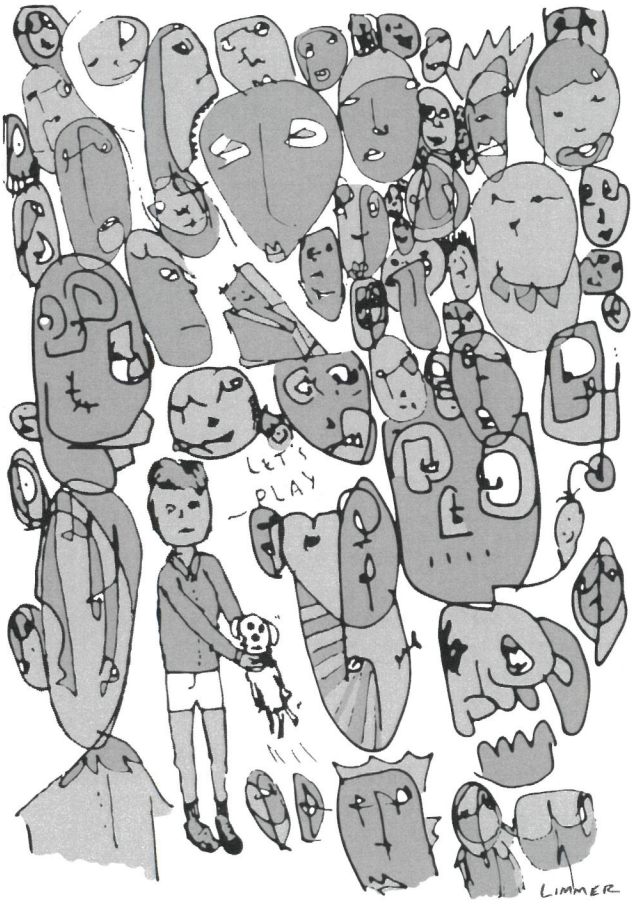
Are we conditioned to be busy?

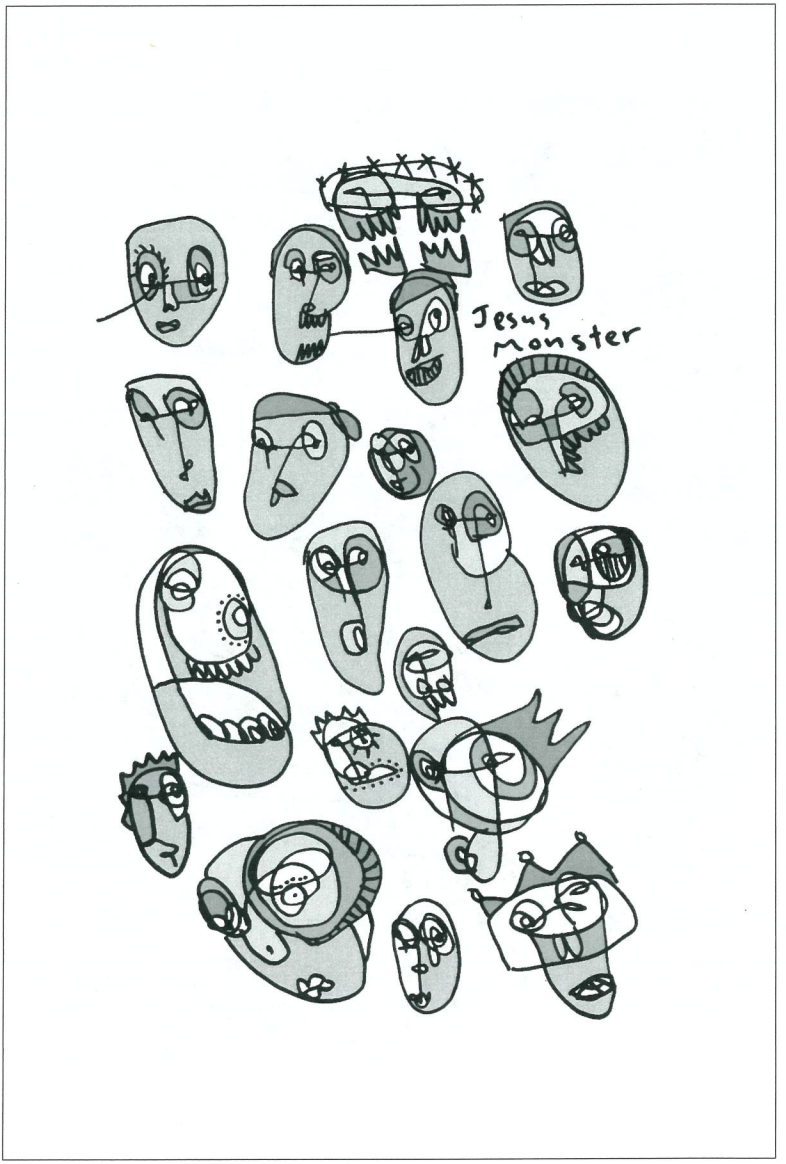
Certificate of Australian Citizensh

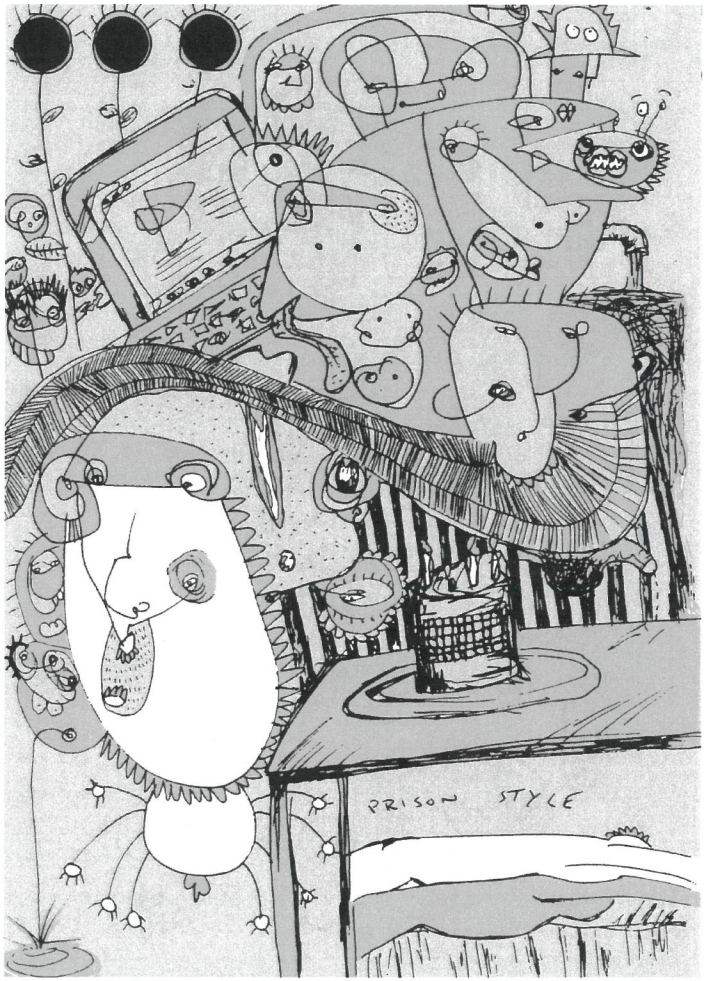
Stop. Take a breath. Try doing nothing. I know it is hard. And when I say "nothing", I don't mean watching every-episode-of-The-Wire-in-a-row-nothing. I mean what I say. *Nothing.*

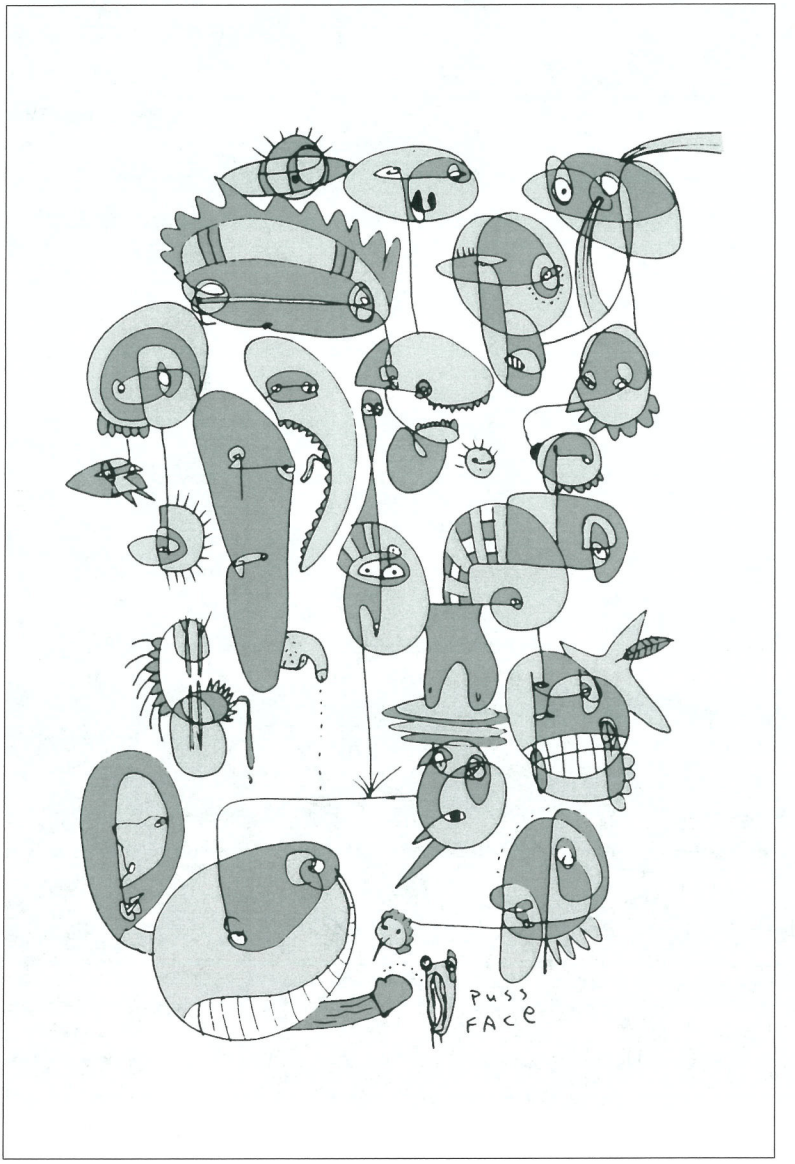
UNLEASH THE FIEND, INVOKE YOUR DARK SIDE, VANDALISE EVERYTHING. STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF TRAFFIC AND DANCE.. RETURN FAVOURS TWOFOLD, AND RETURN MALICEFIVEFOLD.INSERTTINY PROPAGANDA BOMBS INTO PUBLICATIONS AND NEWS-STANDS EVERYWHERE. DEFY TV, DENOUNCE EVERYBODY, SEE THROUGH EVERYTHING, PLACEDISTURBINGCLASSFIED ADS IN NEWSPAPERS, TOSS MONEY AT PEOPLE, PAINT TARGETS ON CARS, STREAK, DEFY CLASSIFICATION, GET YOURSELF ON TV. START A CHURCH, CROSS DRESS, WRITE SEVERAL CONFLICTING AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, BE POLITICALLY INCORRECT, MAKE LOVE TO ANYTHING, MAKE WAR ON EVERYTHING. LOOK NORMAL, BE INSANE. TAKE A BREATH AND...JUMP!

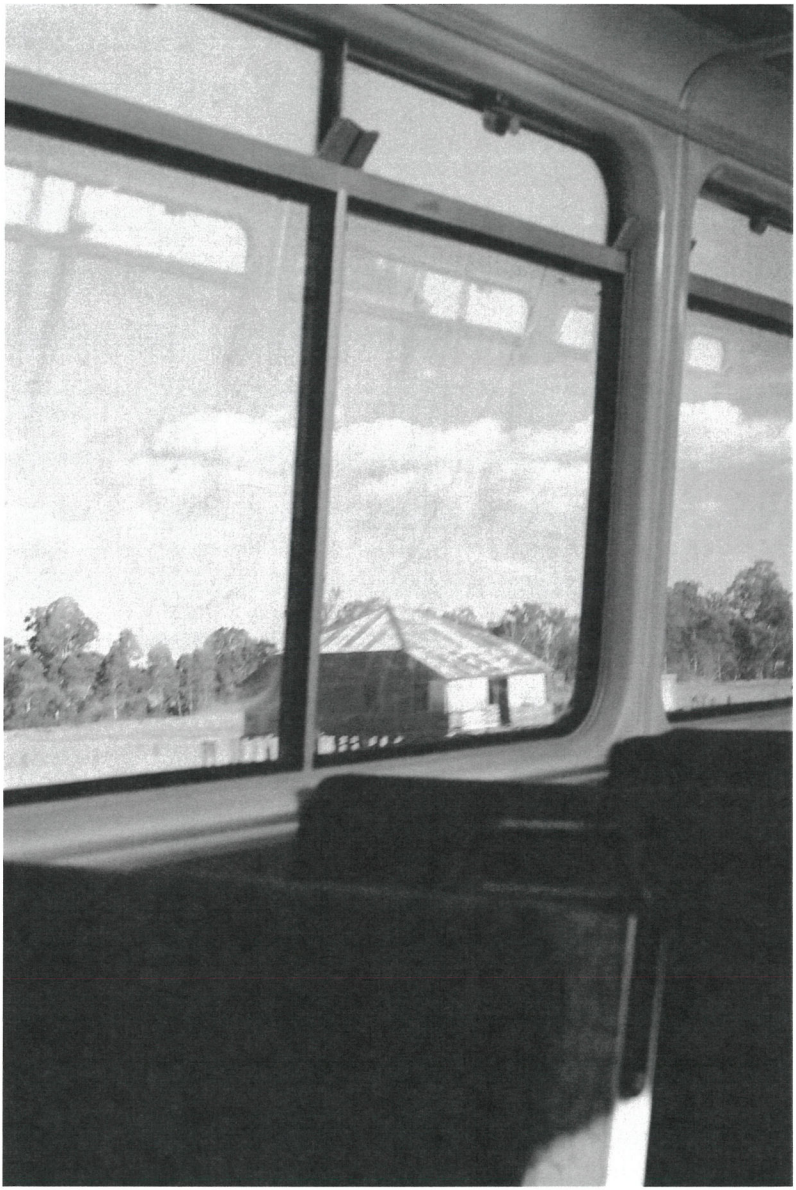
http://www.abc.net.au/arts/headspace/rn/bbing/trouble/default.htm


LET'S PLAY
LIMMER

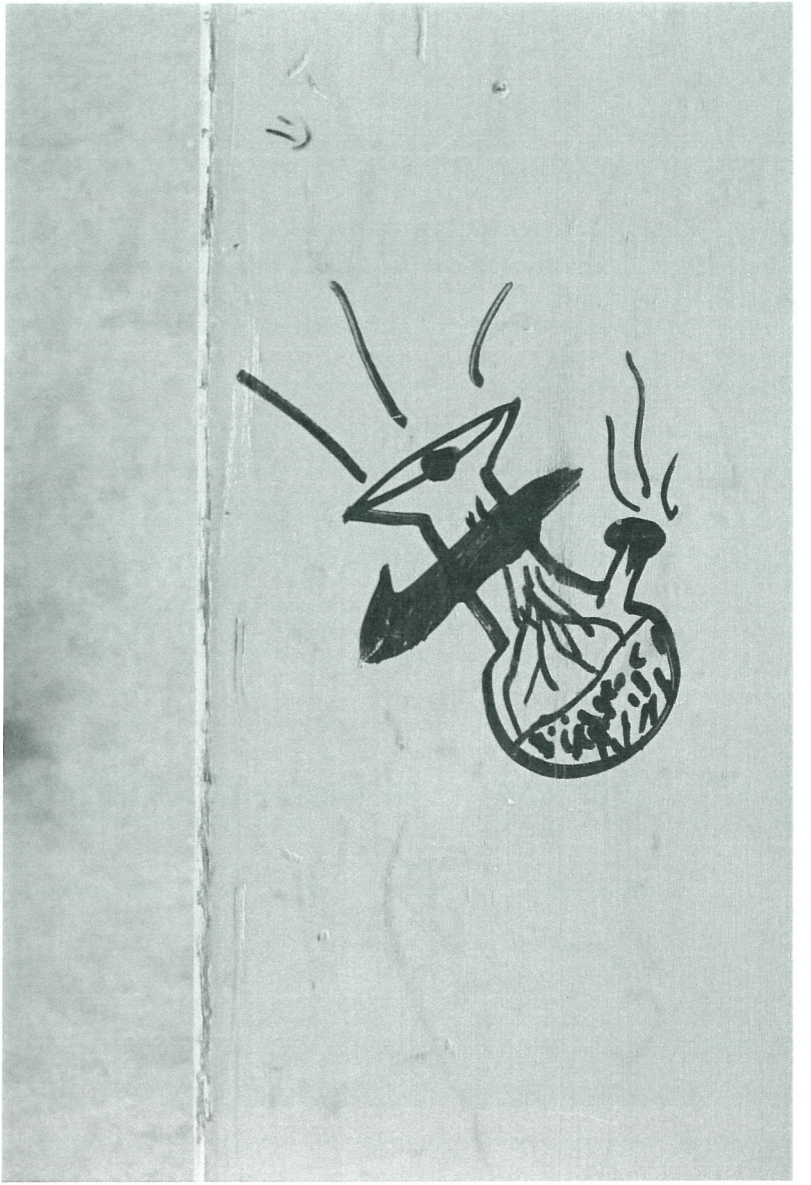

Jesus
Monster


PRISON STYLE

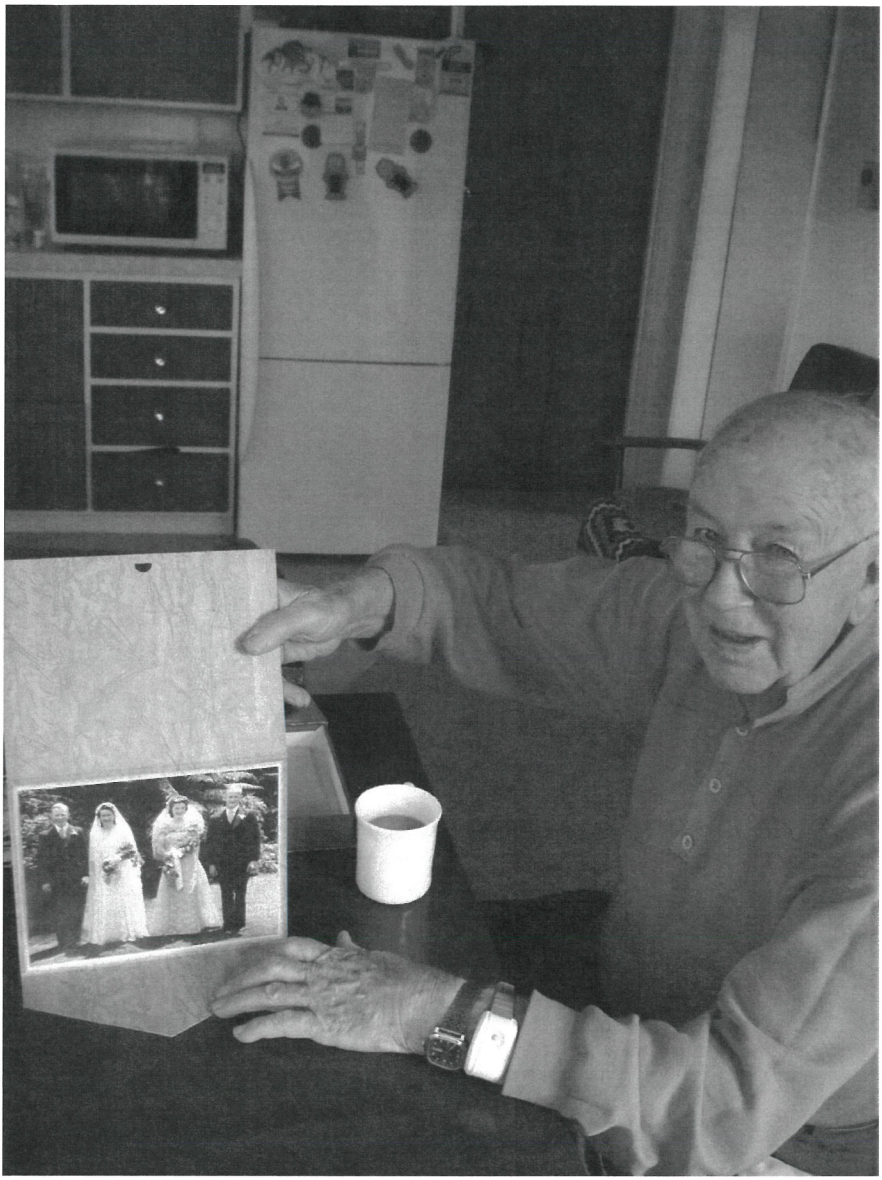

PUSS
FACE



ON THE TRAIN TO ROSEWOOD, QUEENSLAND



BONG DRAWING ON A WALL IN ROSEWOOD, QUEENSLAND



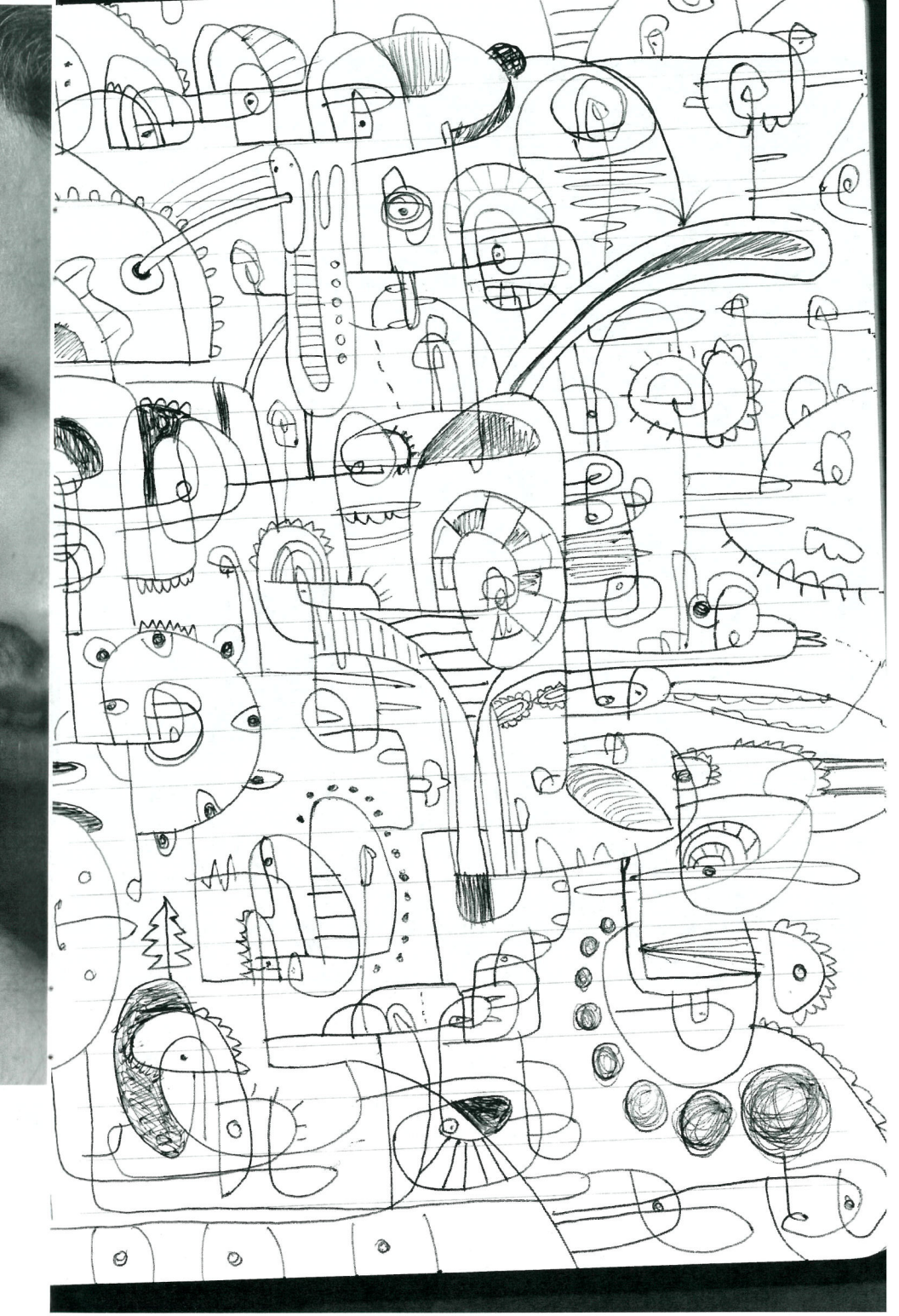
REX ERROL JACK LIMMER, *2010*

My Grandad passed away on the 29th of September 2013.
This photo was taken the last time I saw him. He is showing me his wedding photo. He was a tough sweet old man who will be missed by a lot of people in his community, and greatly by me. I wish I could have spent more time with him growing up. It was hard because he lived in New Zealand and me in Australia. He was a police officer for a few years, but told me he saw how corrupt it was and got out as soon as he could. It was a big risk, but he followed his heart. He started an apple orchid and worked on the farm everyday until he retired. His love for trees and growing his own food has been passed onto my Dad and it is germenating in me.

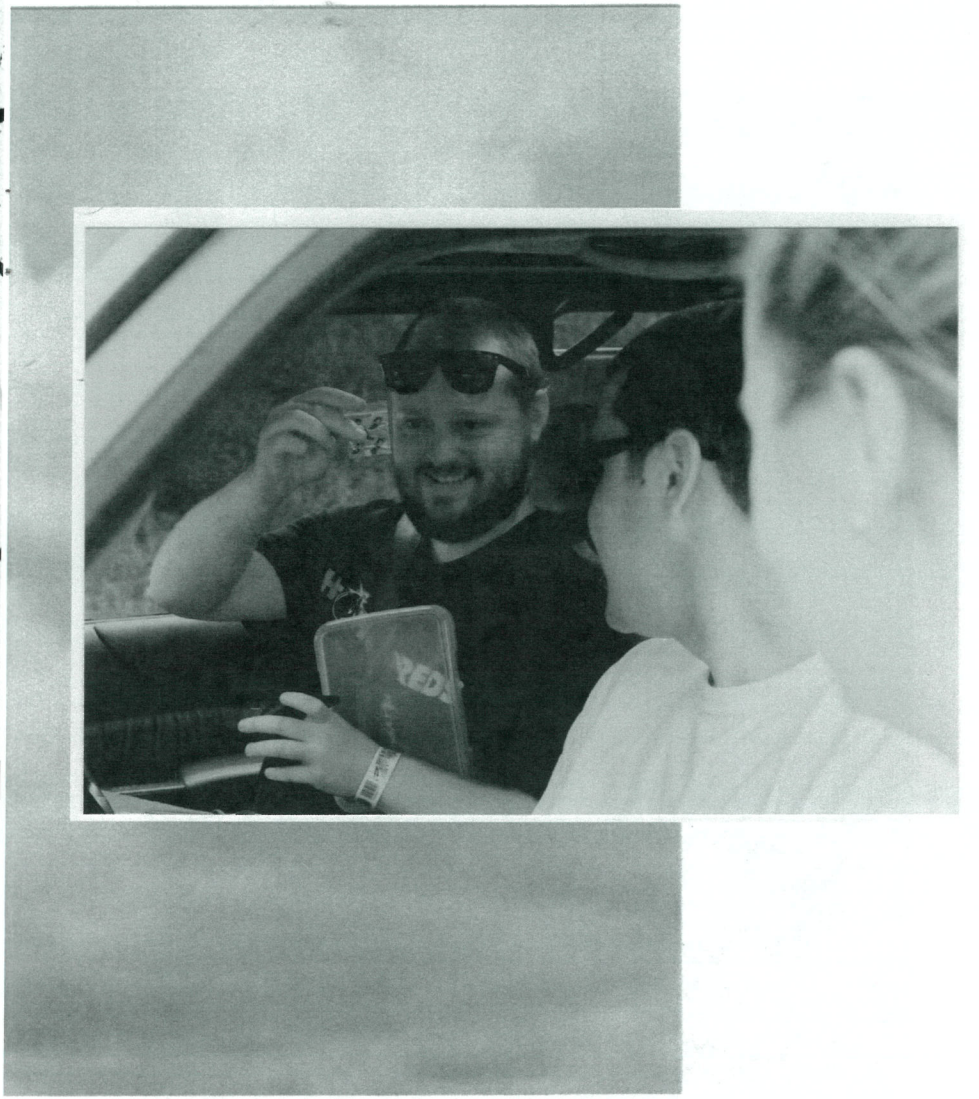
CHARLES (CHARLIE) THOMAS BROWN, *2012*

This is my Pop (Charlie Brown), and my Nanna (Cloarine Elizabeth Joy Brown) in the back ground. Charlie is holding a replica of Bo Diddley's famous square guitar that he made. My Pop saw a photo in the local newspaper of Bo playing his iconic square guitar and made this replica from that *one* photo. After making it, someone found him plans on the internet and Charlie said "It's one inch off the original design." I owe my artistic ability to my Mum's side of the family. My Nanna was a potter, and Pop worked with wood. If only I could have learnt more skills from them before they retired from art.

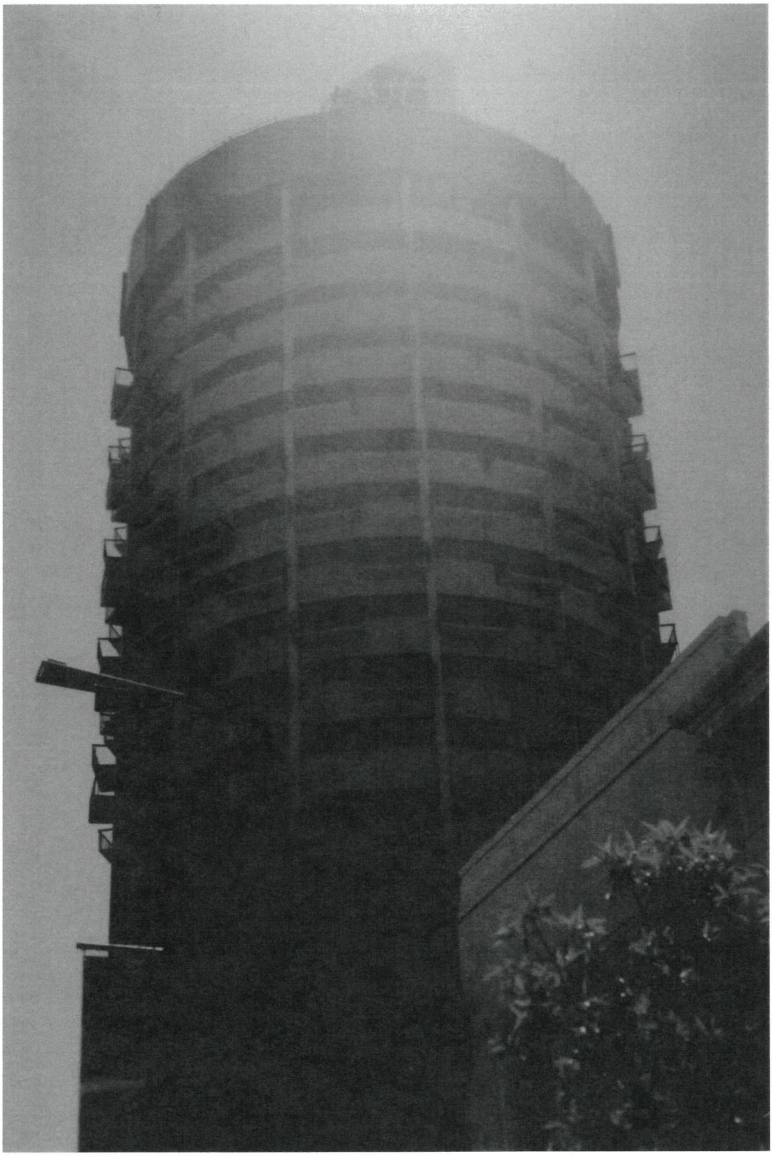
SHIDA AND BHATS, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND



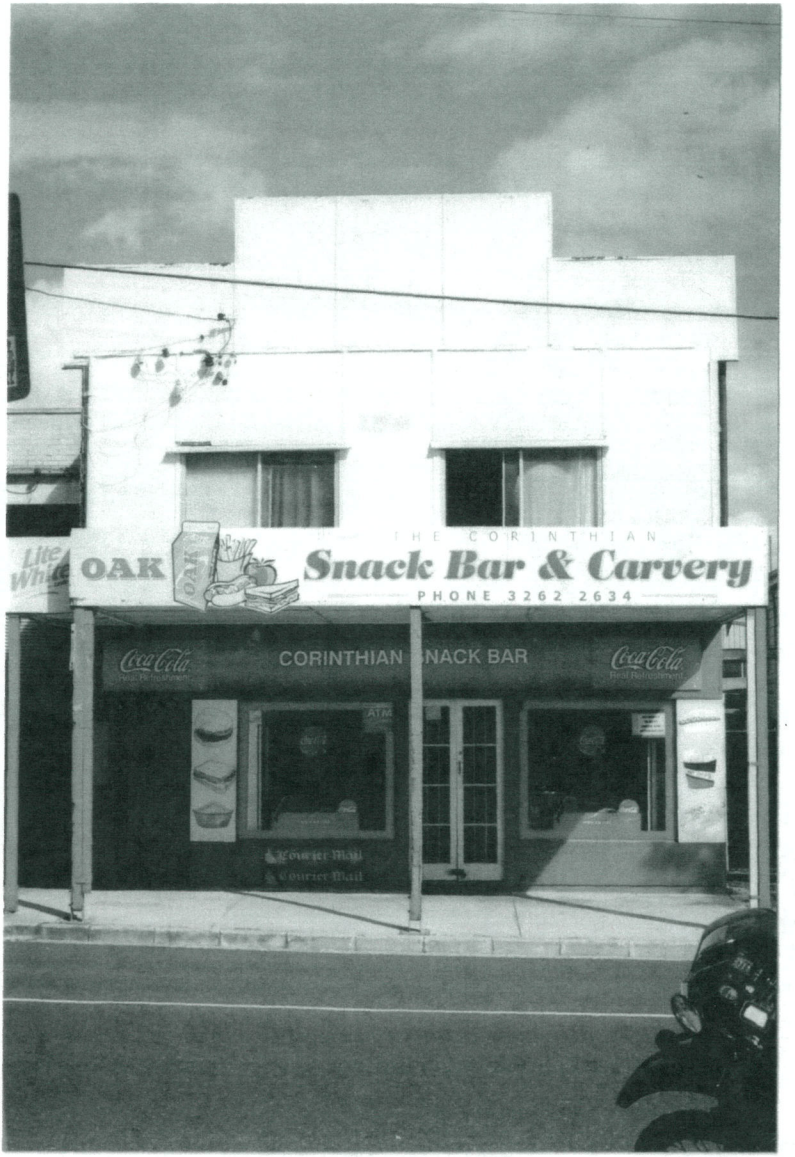
DICK FLAG, MEREDITH, VICTORIA



ACID, MEREDITH, VICTORIA



SUGAR SHAKER, TOWNSVILLE, QUEENSLAND



CROSBY ROAD HOUSE, ALBION, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND

Have you ever notice how cop hats are the same as McDonalds hats?
LIMMER
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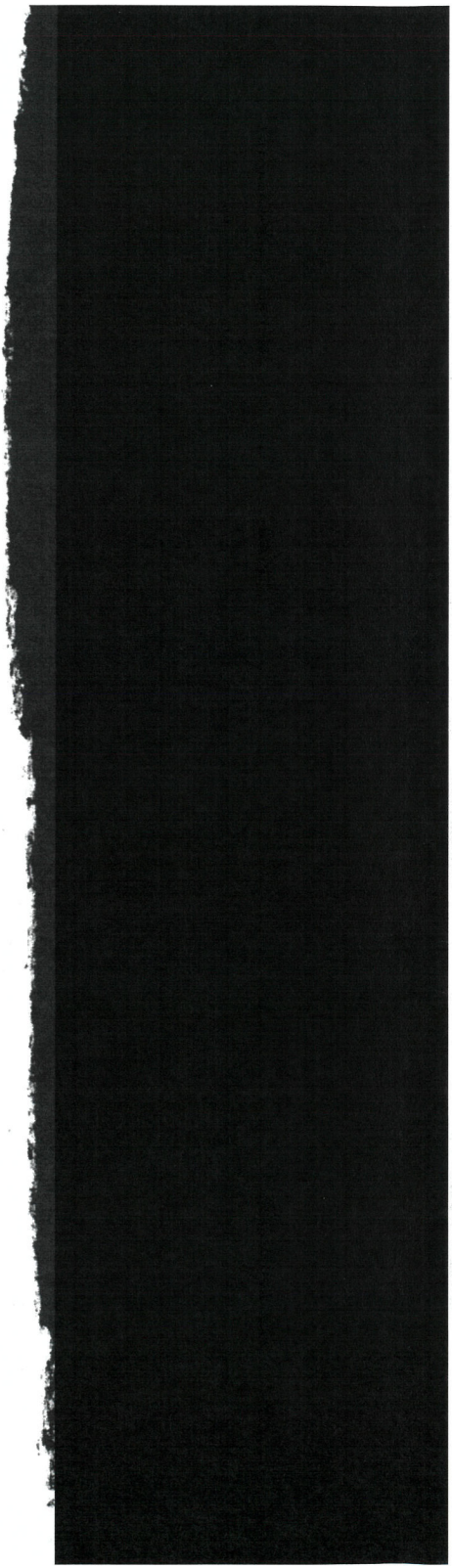
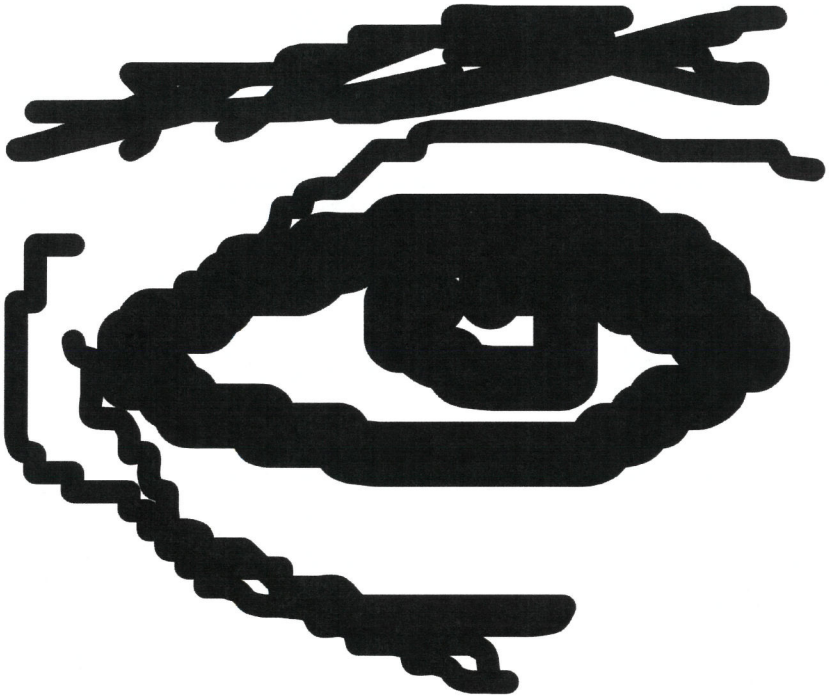


The best advice
I was ever
given was "Just
forgive their
ignorance...".
It was from
this Aboriginal
guy I met at
Woodford.
"...and hope that
you can help
them see things
from a different
perspective."
I was telling
him that a lot
of my friends
are quite racist
and that I don't
know how to
deal with it.

BUY **NOTHING** DAY

you are more than the things you own.

BNDaustralia.tumblr.com



SOMETHING IS DYING INSIDE OF ME.

THIS ZINE IS FOR ALL THE PEOPLE WHO FELT LIKE THEY NEVER FIT IN. Never fit in with the Graffiti Writers. Never fit in with the Artists. Never fit in with the Photographers. Never fit in with the Painters. Never fit in with the Activists. Never fit in with the Hippies. Never fit in with the Punks. Never fit in with Hardcore kids. Never fit in with the Emos. Never fit in with the Skaters. Never fit in with the Surfers. Never fit in with the Musicians. Never fit in with Nice People. Never fit in with the BMX Riders. Never fit in with the Fitness Fanatics. Never fit in with the Rock Climbers. Never fit in with the Naturalist. Never fit in with the Drinkers. Never fit in with the Stoners. Never fit in with the Festival Goers. Never fit in with the Lovers. Never fit in with the Hip Hop kids. Never fit in with the In-Kids. Never fit in with the Chefs. Never fit in with Readers. Never fit in with the Graphic Designers. Never fit in with Illustrators. Never fit in with the Families. Never fit in with the Homersexuals. Never fit in with the Queers. Never fit in with the Transmen. Never fit in with the Transwomen. Never fit in with the Hipsters. Never fit in with the Fashionisters. Never fit in with the Car fanatics. Never fit in with the Film makers. Never fit in with the fashionisters. Never fit in with the Feminists. Never fit in with the Footballers. Never fit in with the Fishers. Never fit in with the Boaters. Never fit in with Mucho Wankers. Never fit in with the Fighters. Never fit in with Asians. Never fit in with Intellicuals. Never fit in with the Writers. Never fit in with the Zinesters. Never fit in with the Anarchists. Never fit in with the Party Animals. Never fit in with the Coke-heads. Never fit in with the DJs. Never fit in with the Producers. Never fit in with the Coffee Sippers. Never fit in with the Programmers. Never fit in with the Gamers. Never fit in with the Park Goers. Never fit in with Poets. Never fit in with the Vegans. Never fit in with Afghans. Never fit in with Albanians. Never fit in with the Algerians. Never fit in with the Americans. Never fit in with the Andorrans. Never fit in with the Angolans. Never fit in with the Argentines. Never fit in with the Armenians. Never fit in with the Aromanians. Never fit in with the Arubans. Never fit in with the Australians. Never fit in with the Austrians. Never fit in with the Azeris. Never fit in with the Bahamians. Never fit in with the Bahrainis. Never fit in with the Bangladeshis. Never fit in with the Barbadians. Never fit in with the Belarusians. Never fit in with Belgians. Never fit in with the Belizeans. Never fit in with the Bermudians. Never fit in with the Boers. Never fit in with the Bosnians. Never fit in with the Brazilians. Never fit in with the Bretons. Never fit in with the British. Never fit in with the British Virgin Islanders. Never fit in with the Bulgarians. Never fit in with the Burkinabès. Never fit in with the Burundians. Never fit in with the Cambodians. Never fit in with the Cameroonians. Never fit in with the Canadians. Never fit in with the Catalans. Never fit in with the Cape Verdeans. Never fit in with the Chadians. Never fit in with the Chileans. Never fit in with the Chinese. Never fit in with the Comorians. Never fit in with the Congolese. Never fit in with the Croatians. Never fit in with the Cubans. Never fit in with the Cypriots. Never fit in with the Turkish Cypriots. Never fit in with the Czechs. Never fit in with the Danes. Never fit in with the Dominicans. Never fit in with the the Dutch. Never fit in with the East Timorese. Never fit in with the Ecuadorians. Never fit in with the Egyptians. Never fit in with the Emiratis. Never fit in with the English. Never fit in with the Eritreans. Never fit in with the Estonians. Never fit in with the Ethiopians. Never fit in with the Faroese. Never fit in with the Finns. Never fit in with the Fijians. Never fit in with the Filipinos. Never fit in with the French. Never fit in with the Georgians. Never fit in with the Germans. Never fit in with the Baltic Germans. Never fit in with the Ghanaians. Never fit in with the Gibraltar. Never fit in with the Greeks. Never fit in with the Grenadians. Never fit in with the Guatemalans. Never fit in with the Guianese (French). Never fit in with the Guineans. Never fit in with the Guinea-Bissau nationals. Never fit in with the Guyanese. Never fit in with the Haitians. Never fit in with the Hondurans. Never fit in with the Hungarians. Never fit in with the Icelanders. Never fit in with the Indians. Never fit in with the Indonesians. Never fit in with the Iranians (Persians). Never fit in with the Iraqis. Never fit in with the Irish. Never fit in with the Israelis. Never fit in with the Italians. Never fit in with the Ivoirians. Never fit in with the Jamaicans. Never fit in with the Japanese. Never fit in with the Jordanians. Never fit in with the Kazakhs. Never fit in with the Kenyans. Never fit in with the Koreans. Never fit in with the Kosovo Albanians. Never fit in with the Kuwaitis. Never fit in with the Lao. Never fit in with the Latvians. Never fit in with the Lebanese. Never fit in with the Liberians. Never fit in with the Libyans. Never fit in with the Liechtensteiners. Never fit in with the Lithuanians. Never fit in with the Luxembourgers. Never fit in with the Macedonians. Never fit in with the Malawians. Never fit in with the Maldivians. Never fit in with the Malians. Never fit in with the Maltese. Never fit in with the Manx. Never fit in with the Mauritians. Never fit in with the Mexicans. Never fit in with the Moldovans. Never fit in with the Moroccans. Never fit in with the Mongolians. Never fit in with the Montenegrins. Never fit in with the Namibians. Never fit in with the Nepalese. Never fit in with the New Zealanders. Never fit in with the Nicaraguans. Never fit in with the Nigeriens. Never fit in with the Nigerians. Never fit in with the Norwegians. Never fit in with the Pakistanis. Never fit in with the Palauans. Never fit in with the Palestinians. Never fit in with the Panamanians. Never fit in with the Papua New Guineans. Never fit in with the Paraguayans. Never fit in with the Peruvians. Never fit in with the Poles. Never fit in with the Portuguese. Never fit in with the Puerto Ricans. Never fit in with the Quebecers. Never fit in with the Réunionnais. Never fit in with the Romanians. Never fit in with the Russians. Never fit in with the Baltic Russians. Never fit in with the Rwandans. Never fit in with the Salvadorans. Never fit in with the São Tomé and Príncipe. Never fit in with the Saudis. Never fit in with the Scots. Never fit in with the Senegalese. Never fit in with the Serbs. Never fit in with the Sierra Leoneans. Never fit in with the Sikhs. Never fit in with the Singaporeans. Never fit in with the Slovaks. Never fit in with the Slovenes. Never fit in with the Somalis. Never fit in with the South Africans. Never fit in with the Spaniards. Never fit in with the Sri Lankans. Never fit in with the St Lucians. Never fit in with the Sudanese. Never fit in with the Surinamese. Never fit in with the Swedes. Never fit in with the Swiss. Never fit in with the Syrians. Never fit in with the Taiwanese. Never fit in with the Tanzanians. Never fit in with the Thais. Never fit in with the Tibetans. Never fit in with the Tobagonians. Never fit in with the Trinidadians. Never fit in with the Turks. Never fit in with the Tuvaluans. Never fit in with the Ugandans. Never fit in with the Ukrainians. Never fit in with the Uruguayans. Never fit in with the Uzbeks. Never fit in with the Vanuatuans. Never fit in with the Venezuelans. Never fit in with the Vietnamese. Never fit in with the Welsh. Never fit in with the Yemenis. Never fit in with the Zambians. Never fit in with the Zimbabweans.

Never felt like you fit in with any pre-conceived label? Don't fret. Be yourself. Fuck the rest! Do what *you* want.

ALA Zines Box 6